This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

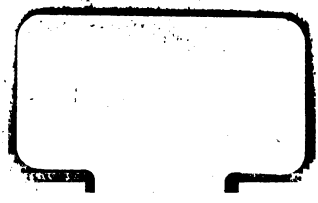
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



Member's Certificate

This certifies that the owner of this book, namely,

_____

is a member of The Santa Claus Club and is entitled to all club privileges.

Miss L. Jowe [redacted] Holly Berry [redacted]

For Next President.

Not in RD
9/2-11
Gr 4

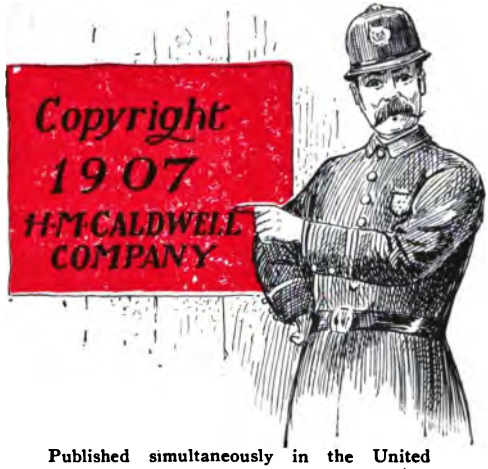
The Santa Claus Club

By L. J. Bridgman

H·M·Caldwell Company
New York and Boston

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
527948
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
R 1911 L

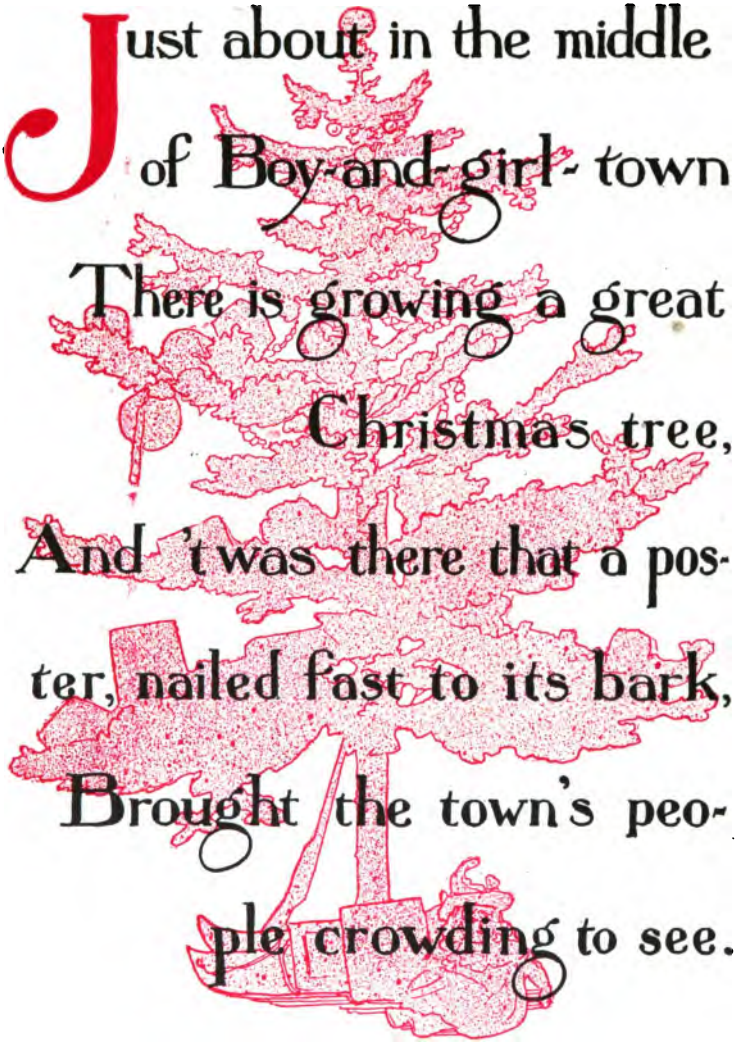


Published simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada, and British Possessions.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC

Introductory.

Did you ask at what age
one may join our big club?
Let's ask young and
old, this December;
But I fear that the young-
est can't tell us at all,
And the oldest, – he
doesn't remember.



Just about in the middle
of Boy-and-girl- town
There is growing a great
Christmas tree,
And 't was there that a pos-
ter, nailed fast to its bark,
Brought the town's peo-
ple crowding to see.

"FOR NEXT PRESIDENT, SANTA CLAUS,"

-that in large type,

With a portrait as big

as a tub,

Was upon the huge poster,

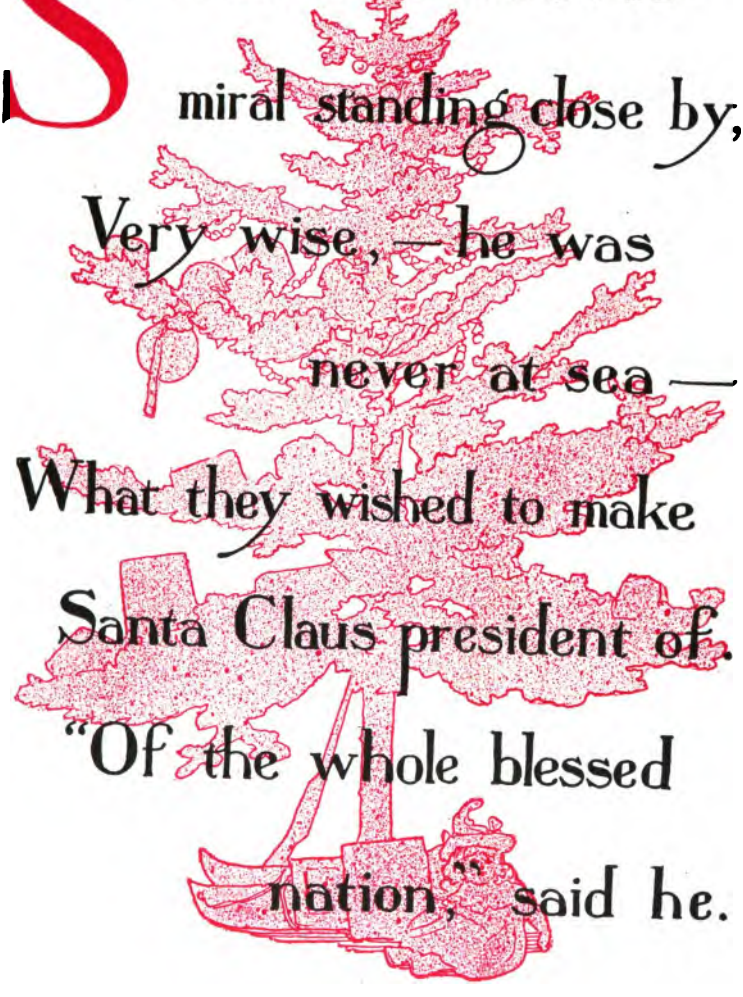
and then followed this:

"Join the glorious Santa

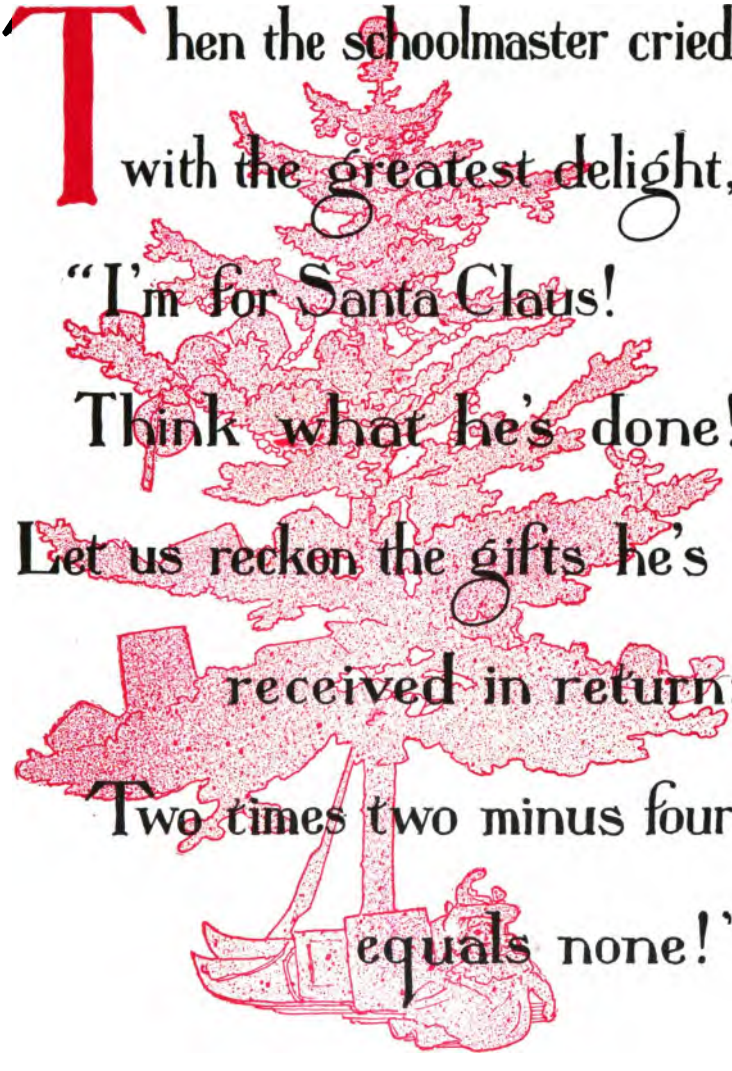
Claus Club."

FOR NEXT
SANTA C
Join t
San

So I asked a wise Admiral standing close by,
Very wise,—he was never at sea—
What they wished to make Santa Claus president of.
"Of the whole blessed nation," said he.

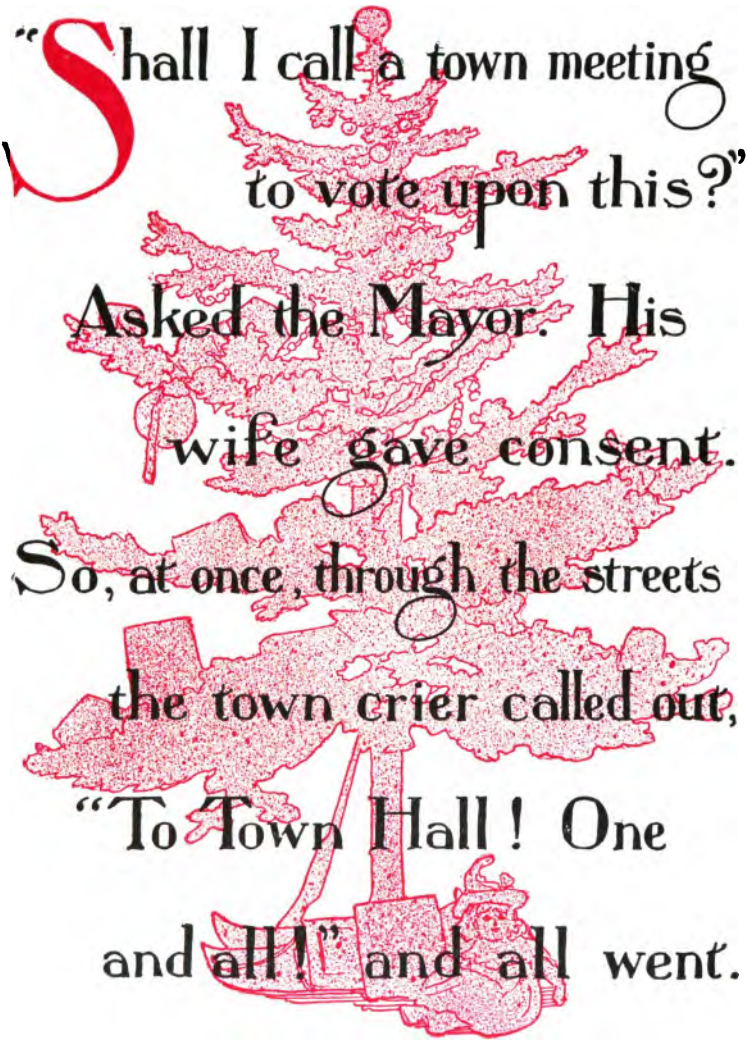


Then the schoolmaster cried
with the greatest delight,
"I'm for Santa Claus!
Think what he's done!
Let us reckon the gifts he's
received in return;
Two times two minus four
equals none!"

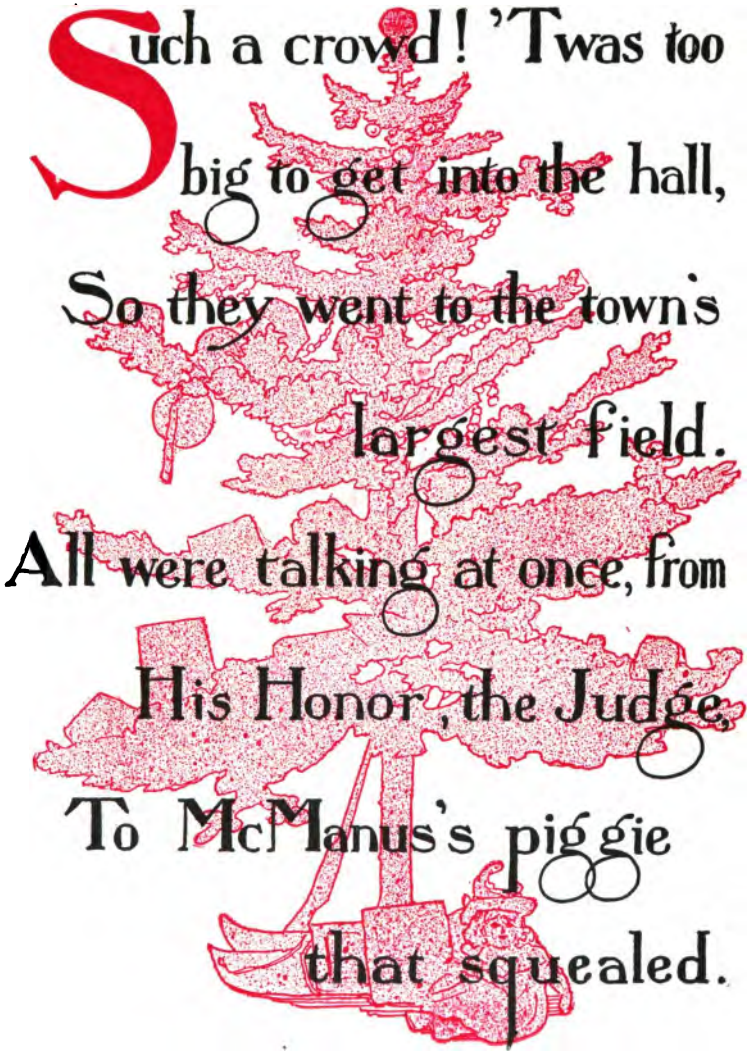


2×2-4=0

"Shall I call a town meeting
to vote upon this?"
Asked the Mayor. His
wife gave consent.
So, at once, through the streets
the town crier called out,
"To Town Hall! One
and all!" and all went.

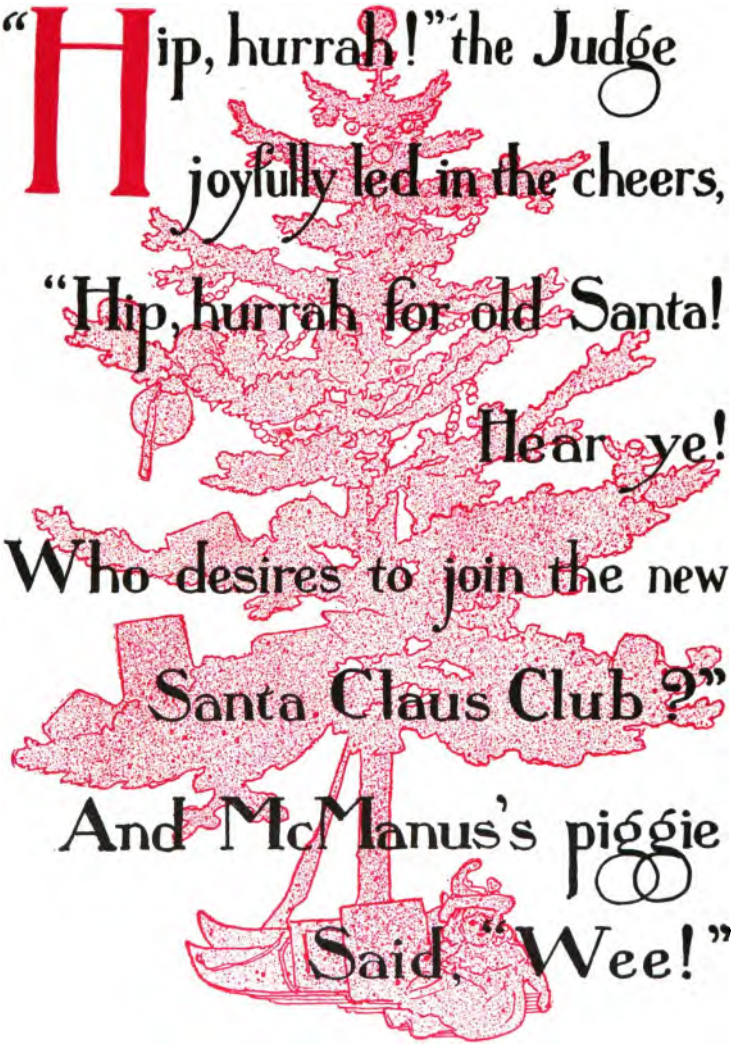


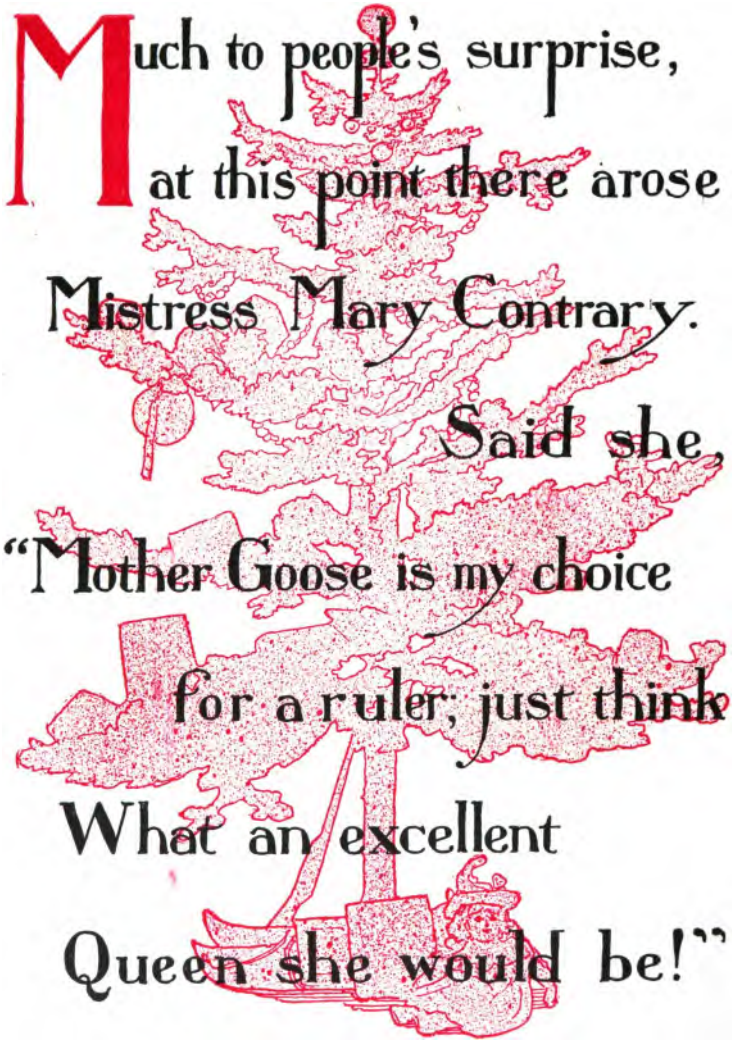
MAYOR



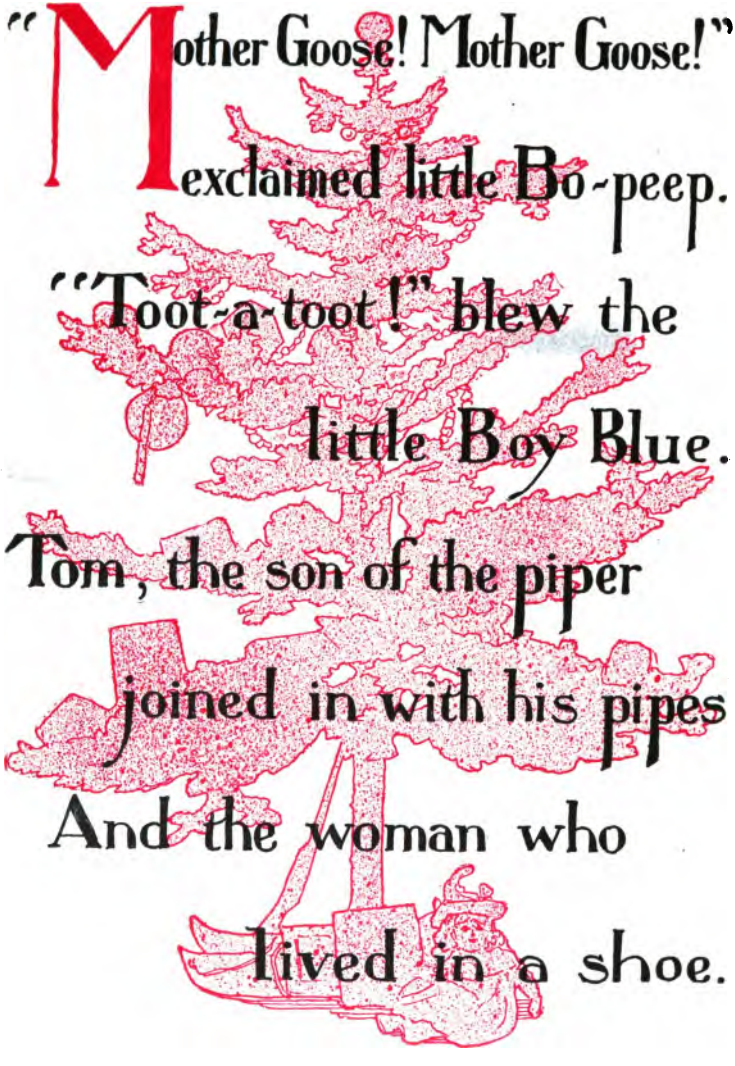
Such a crowd! 'Twas too
big to get into the hall,
So they went to the town's
largest field.
All were talking at once, from
His Honor, the Judge,
To McManus's piggie
that squealed.

"Hip, hurrah!" the Judge
joyfully led in the cheers,
"Hip, hurrah for old Santa!
Hear ye!
Who desires to join the new
Santa Claus Club?"
And McManus's piggie
Said, "Wee!"

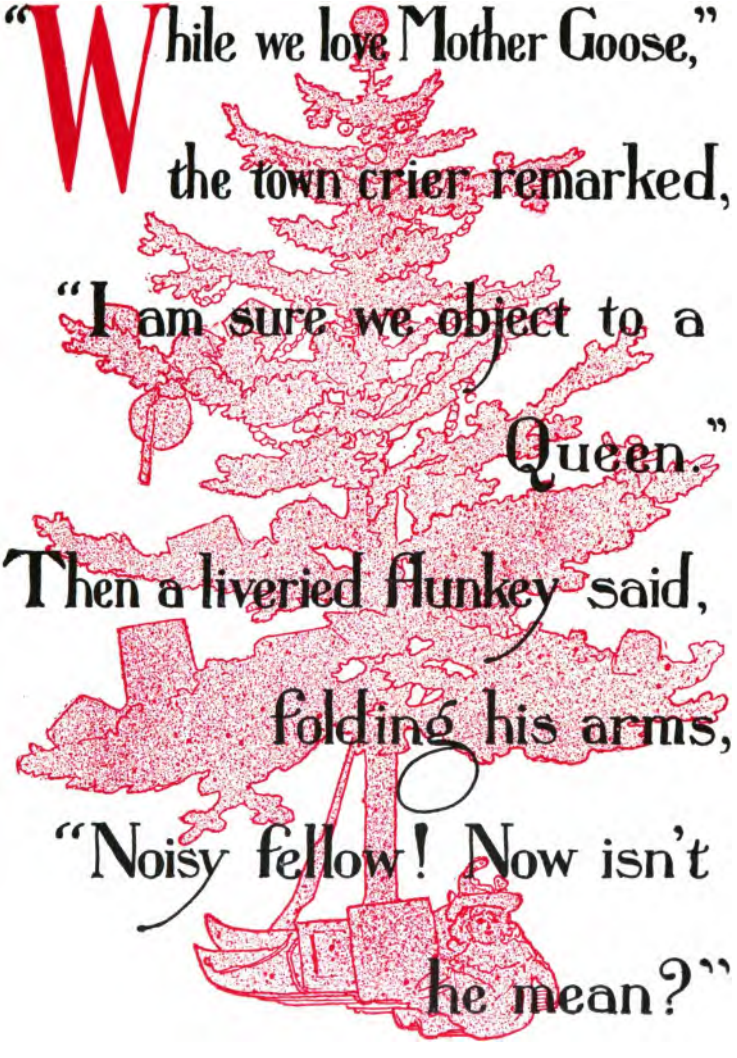



Much to people's surprise,
at this point there arose
Mistress Mary Contrary.
Said she,
"Mother Goose is my choice
for a ruler; just think
What an excellent
Queen she would be!"

"Mother Goose! Mother Goose!"
exclaimed little Bo-peep.
"Toot-a-toot!" blew the
little Boy Blue.
Tom, the son of the piper
joined in with his pipes
And the woman who
lived in a shoe.

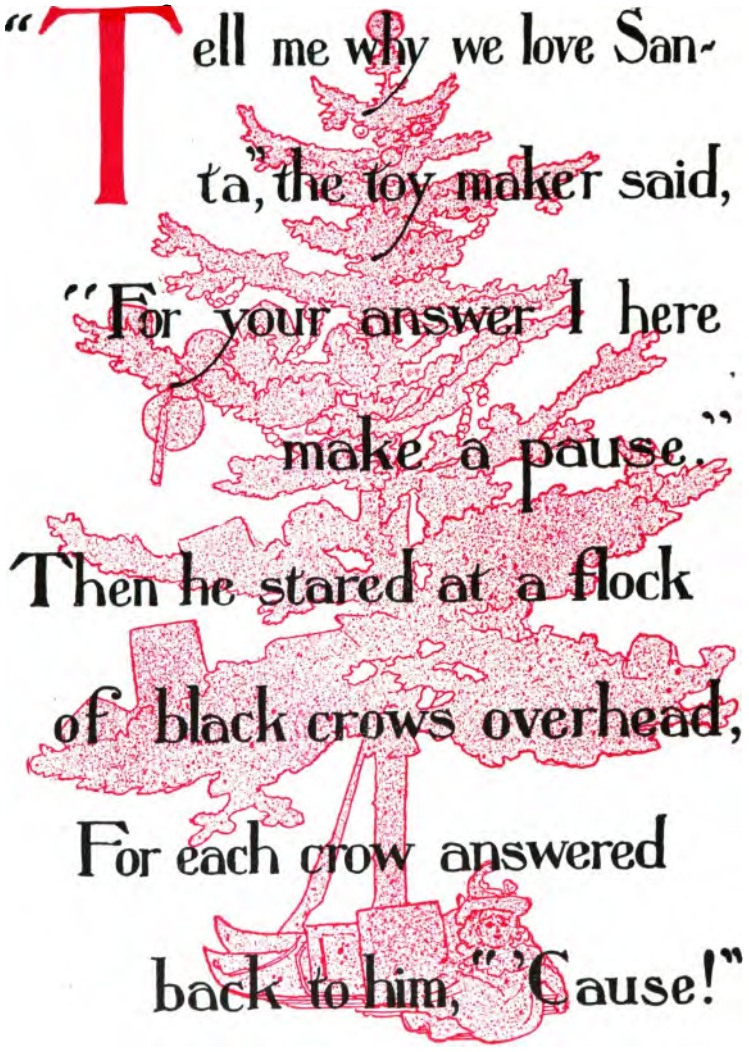


"While we love Mother Goose,"
the town crier remarked,
"I am sure we object to a
Queen."
Then a liveried flunkey said,
folding his arms,
"Noisy fellow! Now isn't
he mean?"

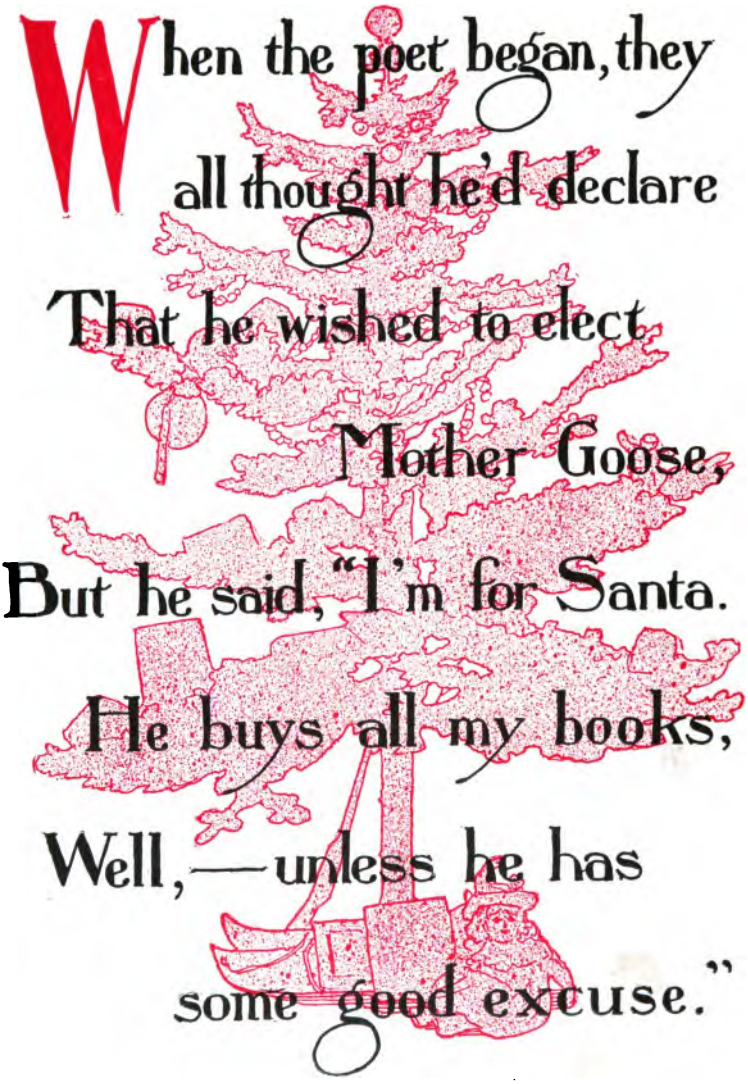


Town
Crier

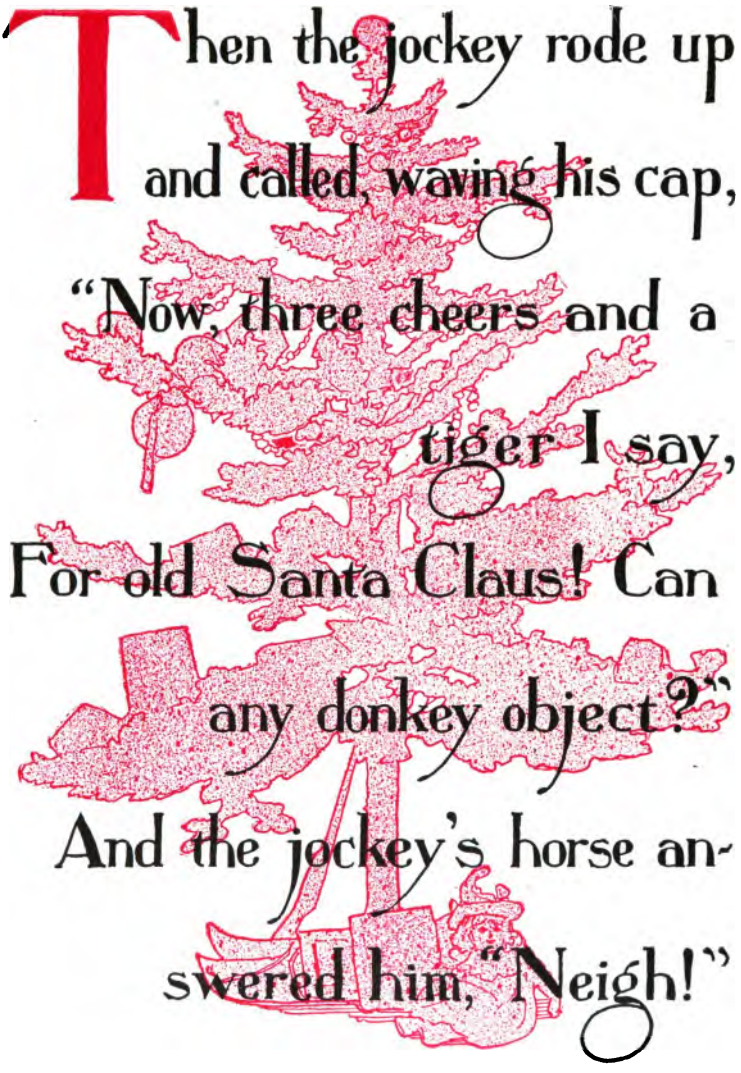
"Tell me why we love San-
ta," the toy maker said,
"For your answer I here
make a pause."
Then he stared at a flock
of black crows overhead,
For each crow answered
back to him, "'Cause!"



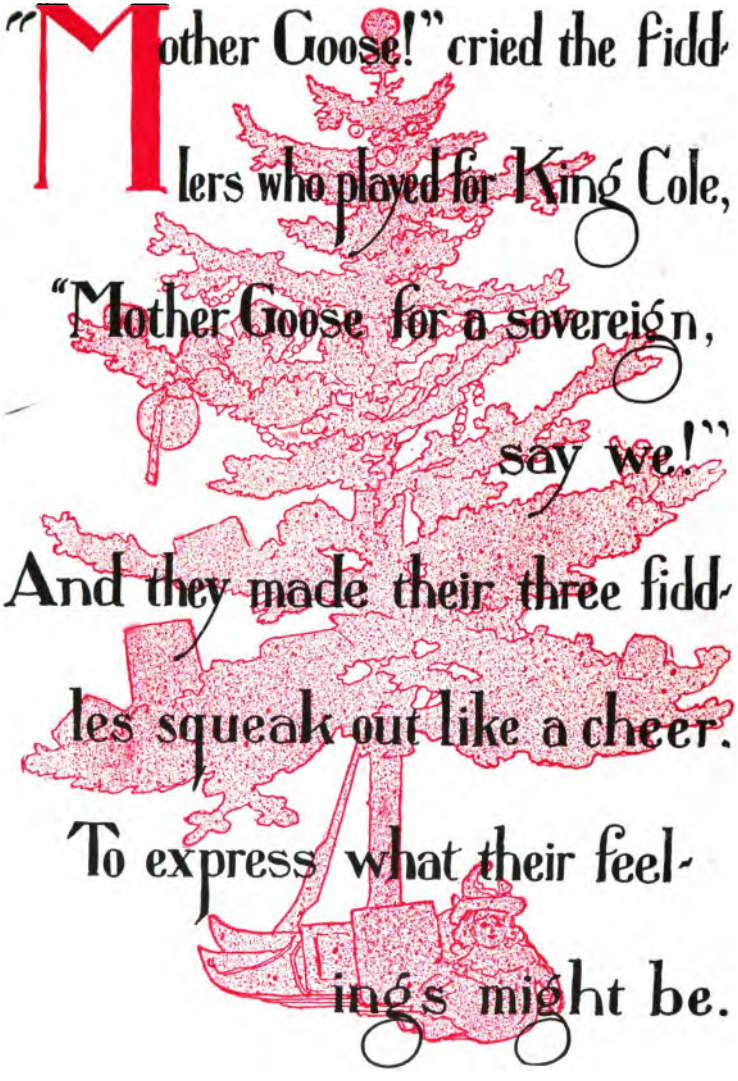
When the poet began, they
all thought he'd declare
That he wished to elect
Mother Goose,
But he said, "I'm for Santa.
He buys all my books,
Well,—unless he has
some good excuse."



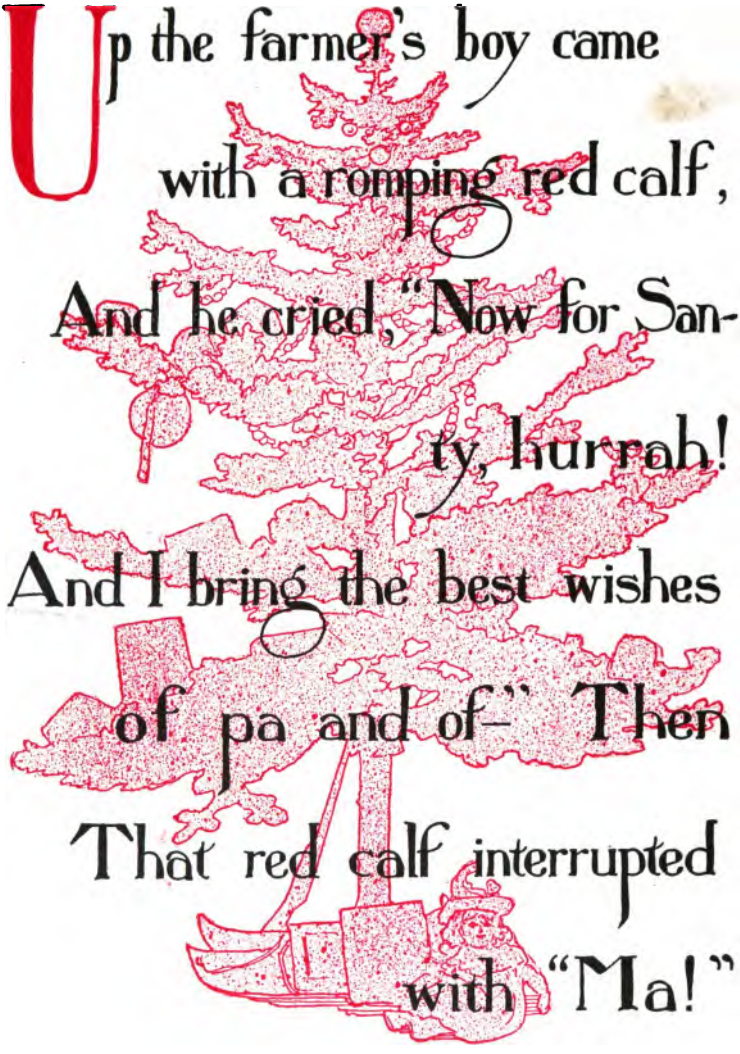
Then the jockey rode up and called, waving his cap, "Now, three cheers and a tiger I say, For old Santa Claus! Can any donkey object?" And the jockey's horse answered him, "Neigh!"



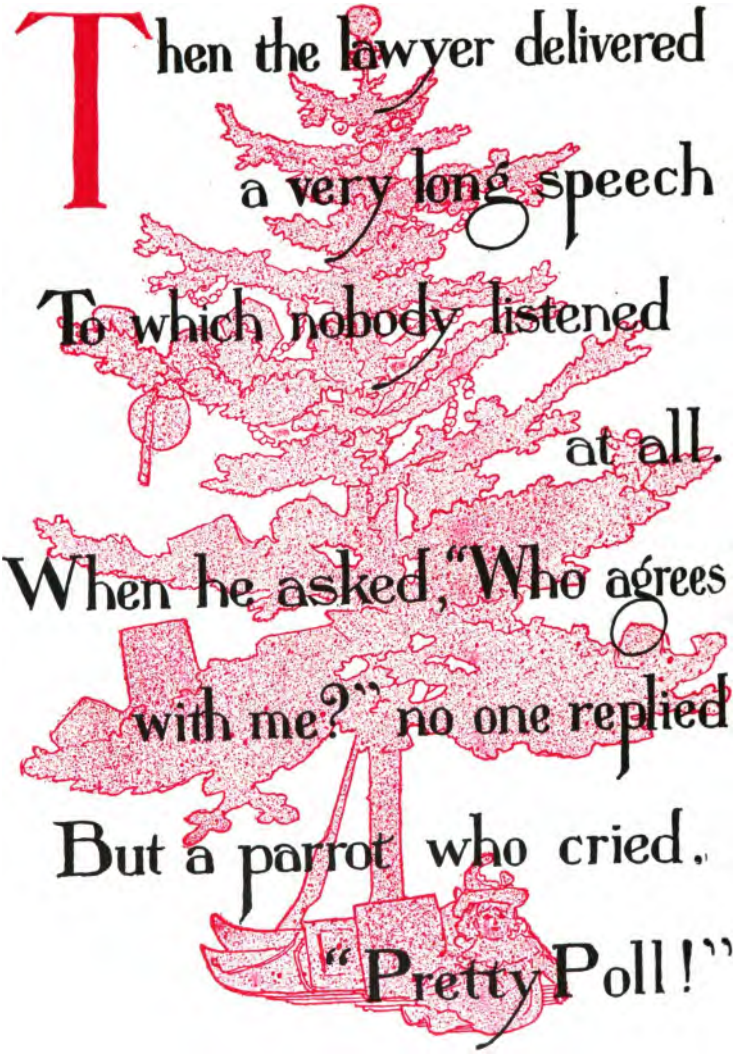
"Mother Goose!" cried the fiddlers who played for King Cole,
"Mother Goose for a sovereign, say we!"
And they made their three fiddles squeak out like a cheer.
To express what their feelings might be.



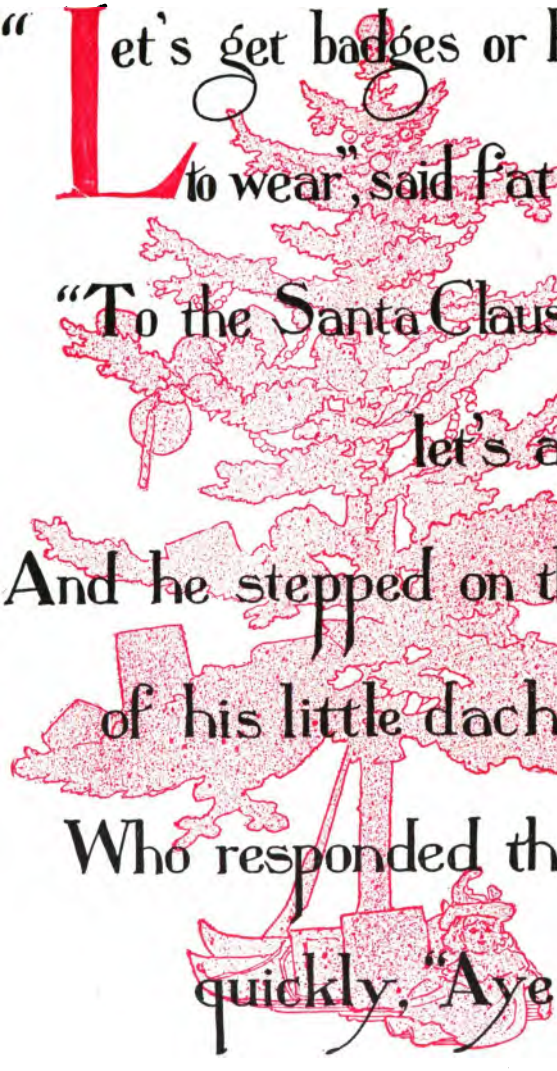
Up the farmer's boy came
with a romping red calf,
And he cried, "Now for San-
ty, hurrah!
And I bring the best wishes
of pa and of–" Then
That red calf interrupted
with "Ma!"



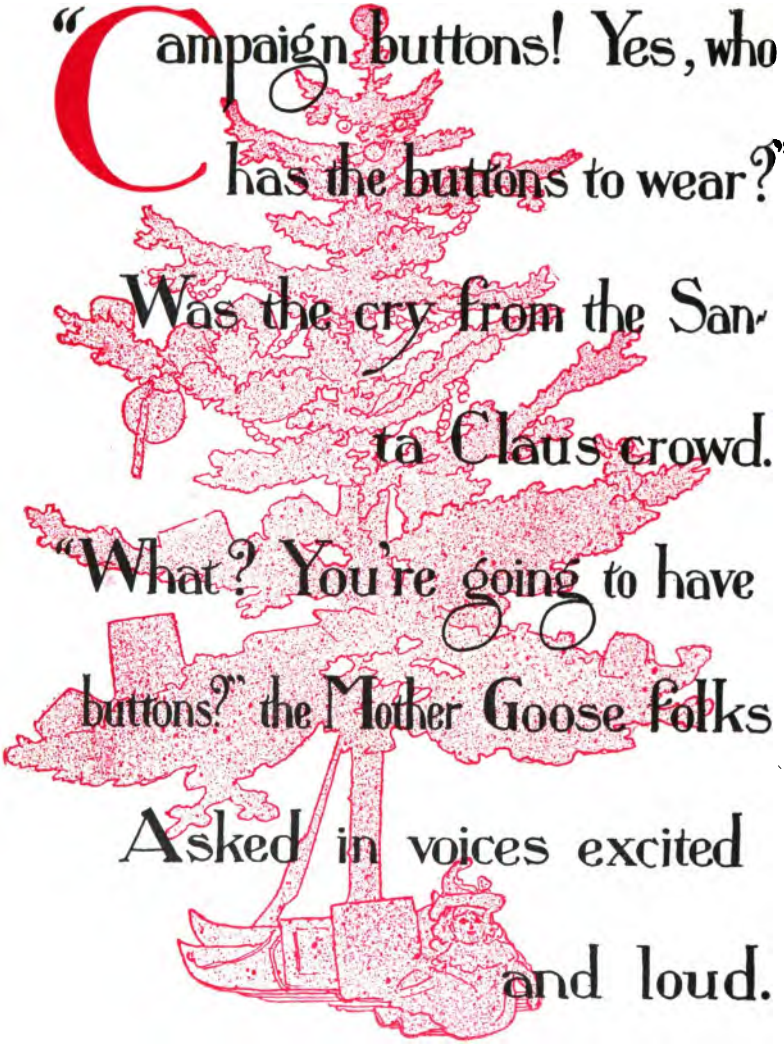
Then the lawyer delivered
a very long speech
To which nobody listened
at all.
When he asked, "Who agrees
with me?" no one replied
But a parrot who cried,
"Pretty Poll!"



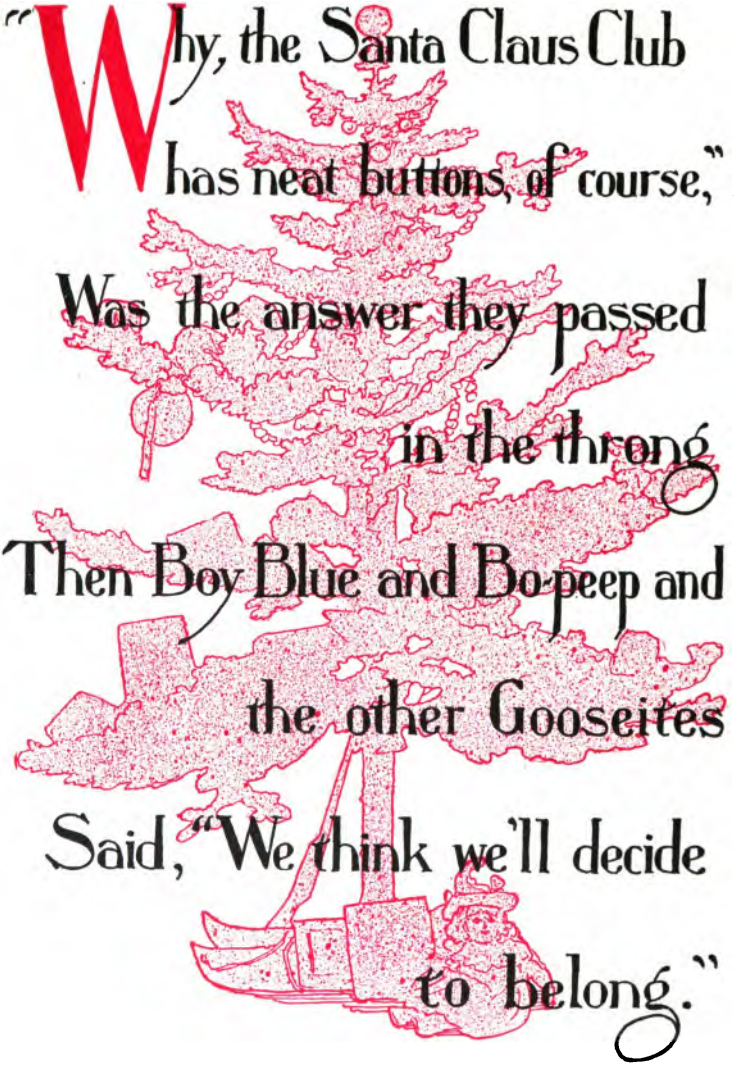
"Let's get badges or buttons
to wear", said Fat Hans,
"To the Santa Claus Club
let's apply",
And he stepped on the tail
of his little dachshund
Who responded then
quickly, "Aye-aye!"



"Campaign buttons! Yes, who
has the buttons to wear?"
Was the cry from the San-
ta Claus crowd.
"What? You're going to have
buttons?" the Mother Goose folks
Asked in voices excited
and loud.



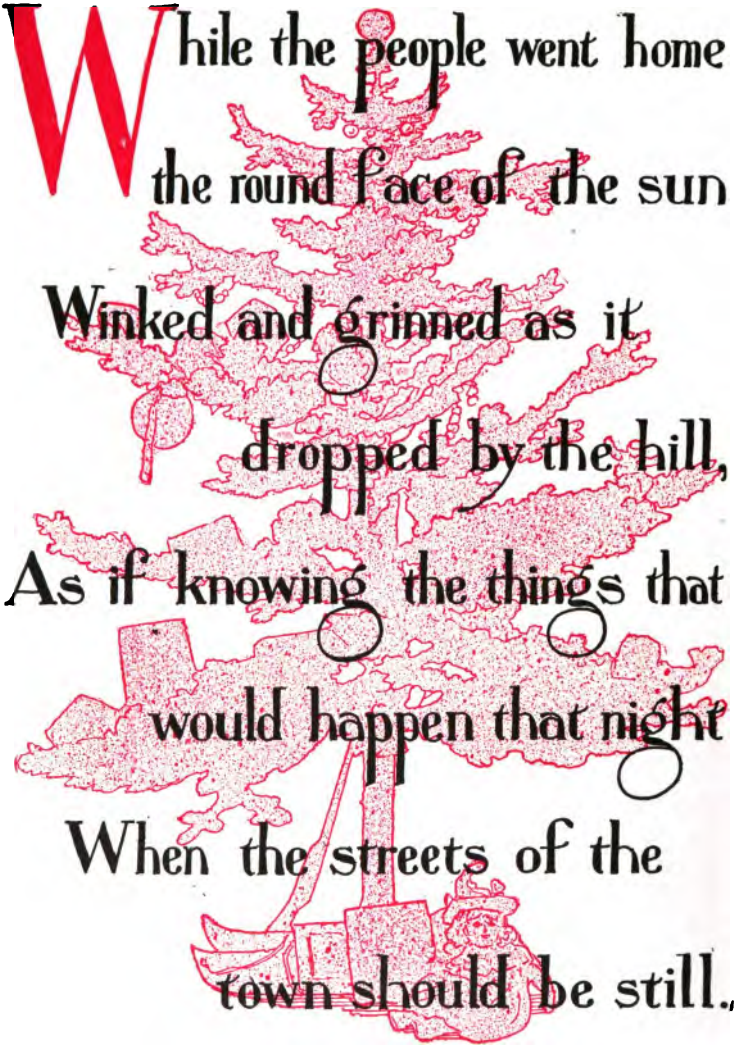
"Why, the Santa Claus Club
has neat buttons, of course,"
Was the answer they passed
in the throng
Then Boy Blue and Bo-peep and
the other Gooseites
Said, "We think we'll decide
to belong."



"Ah! That settles it then!" laughed the Mayor, "And now, I will send for the buttons to-day. So go home and be patient. the buttons will come."

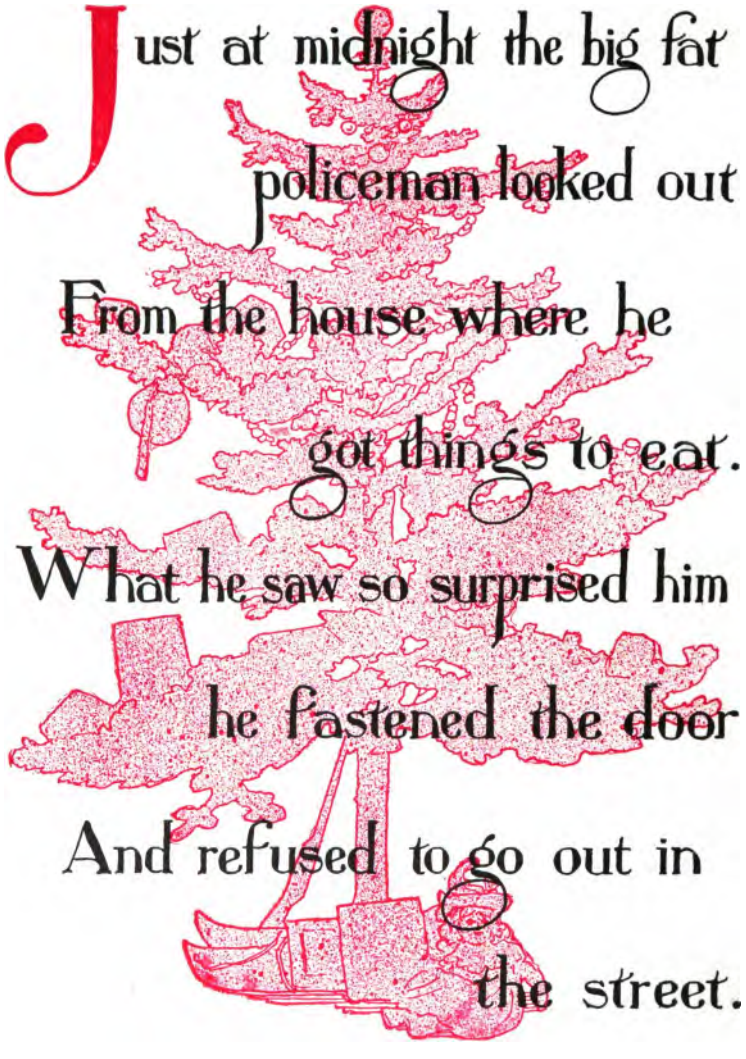
Off each went on his own happy way.

THE BUTTONS
ARE
COMING
HURRAH
HURRAH!
TOM
TOM
TOM

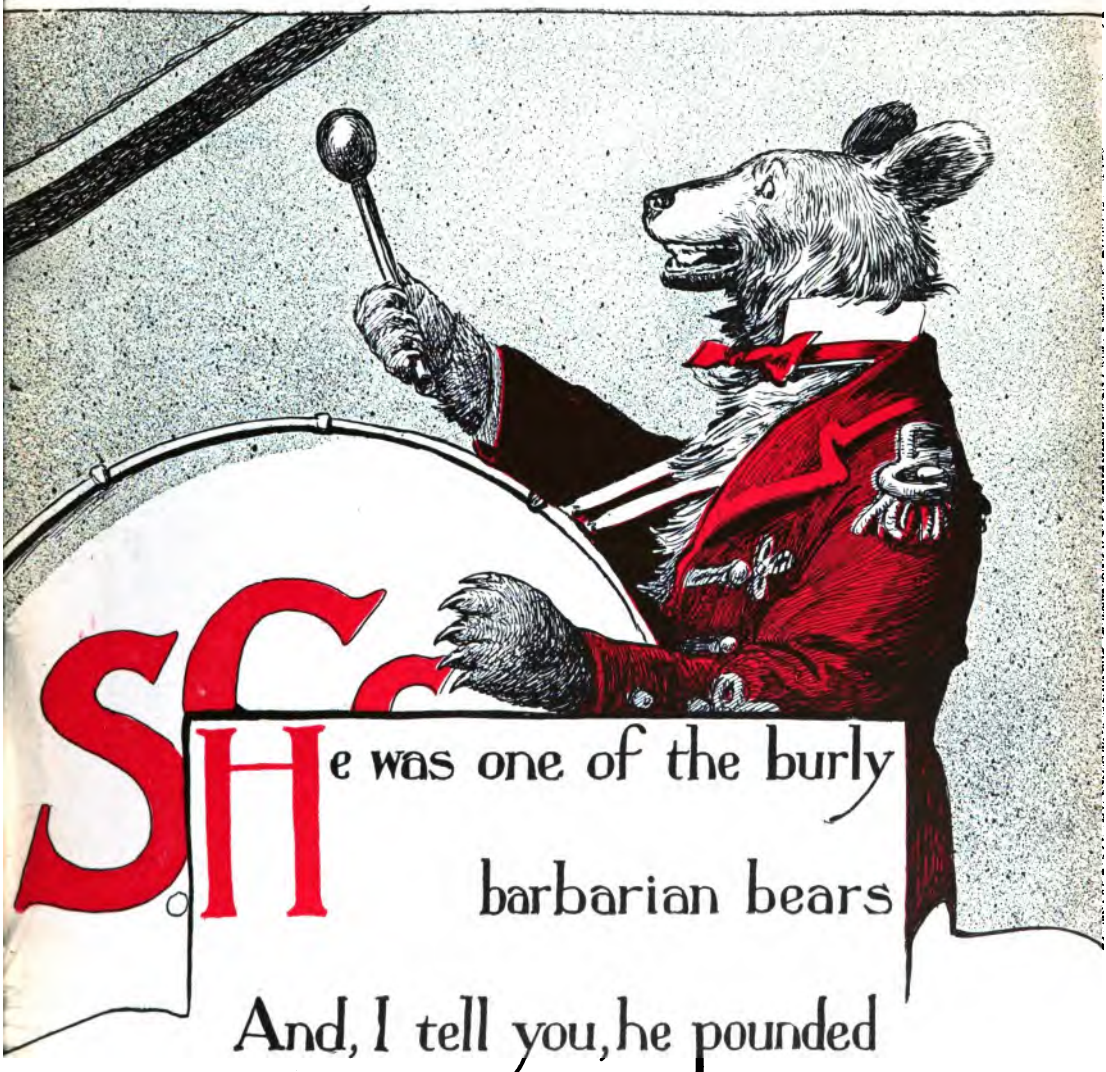


While the people went home
the round face of the sun
Winked and grinned as it
dropped by the hill,
As if knowing the things that
would happen that night
When the streets of the
town should be still.

Just at midnight the big fat
policeman looked out
From the house where he
got things to eat.
What he saw so surprised him
he fastened the door
And refused to go out in
the street.



At the corner beyond the
big grocery shop
Came a bear with a booming
bass drum.



He was one of the burly barbarian bears

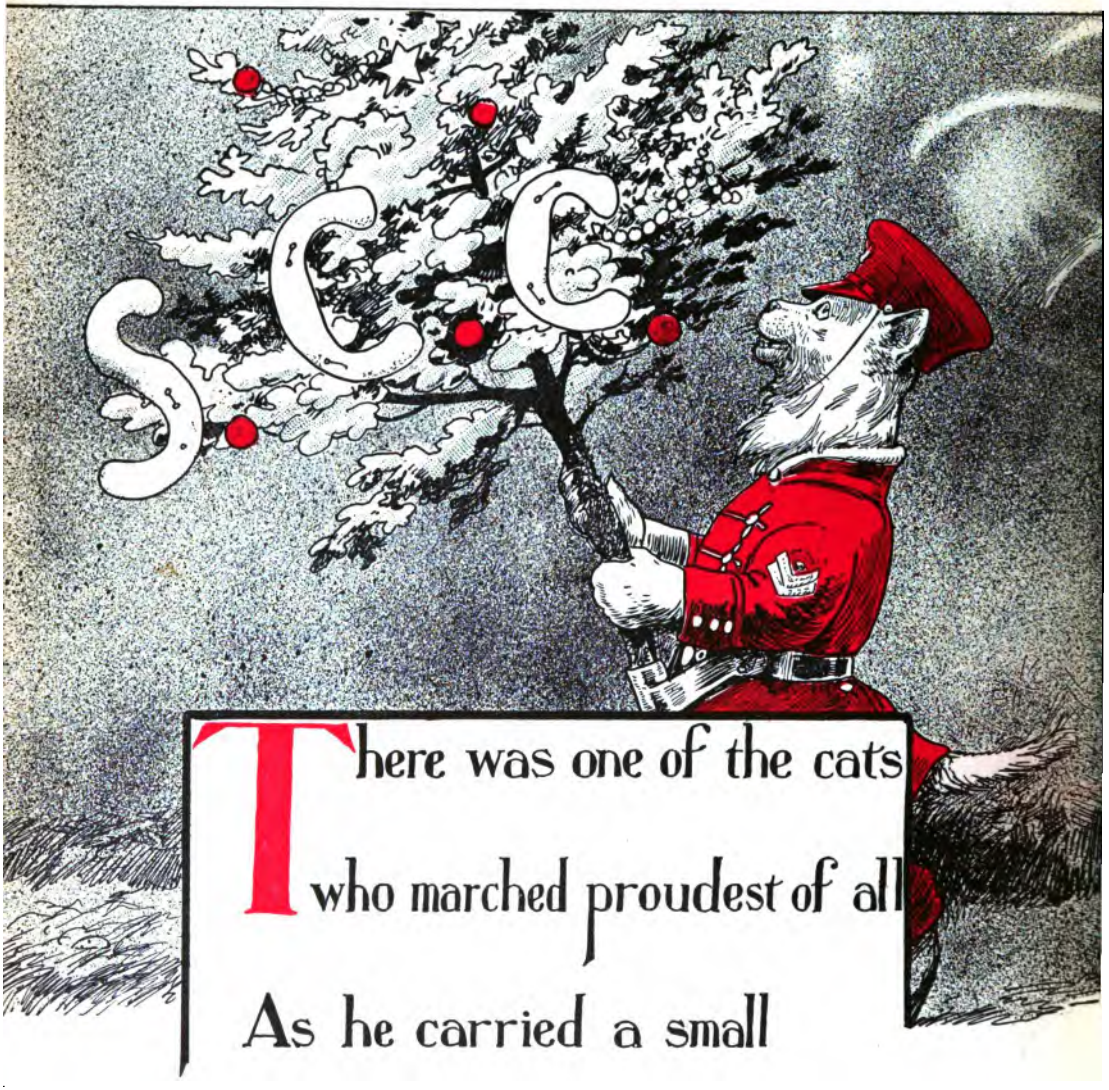
And, I tell you, he pounded it some!

Then there followed a torch-light procession of cats,

The Angoras, the tabbies

and others.

Not a quarrel among them,
but purry *miaouws*,
Just like gentlemen pussies
and brothers.



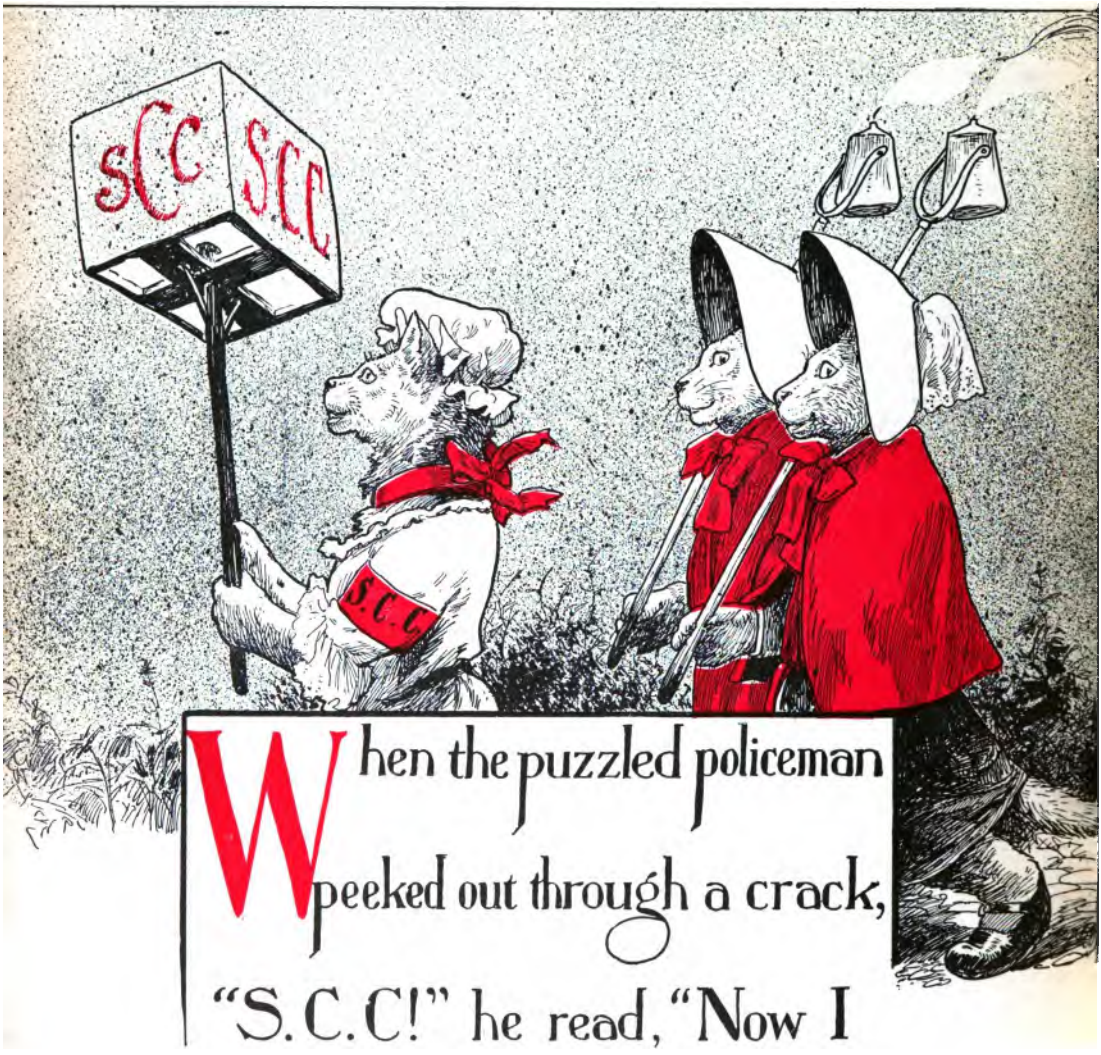
Christmas tree.

On the branches were let-

ters as long as his tail,

And the letters were these:

S.C.C.



When the puzzled policeman peeked out through a crack,
"S.C.C!" he read, "Now I think that's

Some society. Call it," he said, "for a guess, The Society of Curious Cats."

The white rabbits came march-

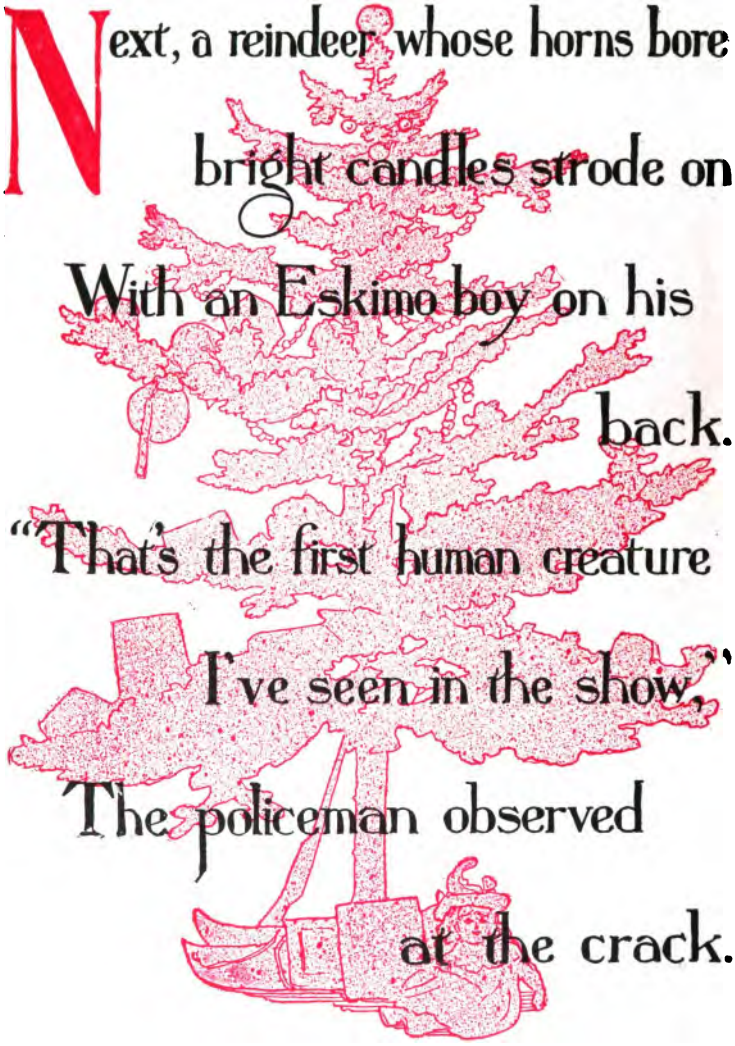
ing, all wearing some belts

That were very becoming

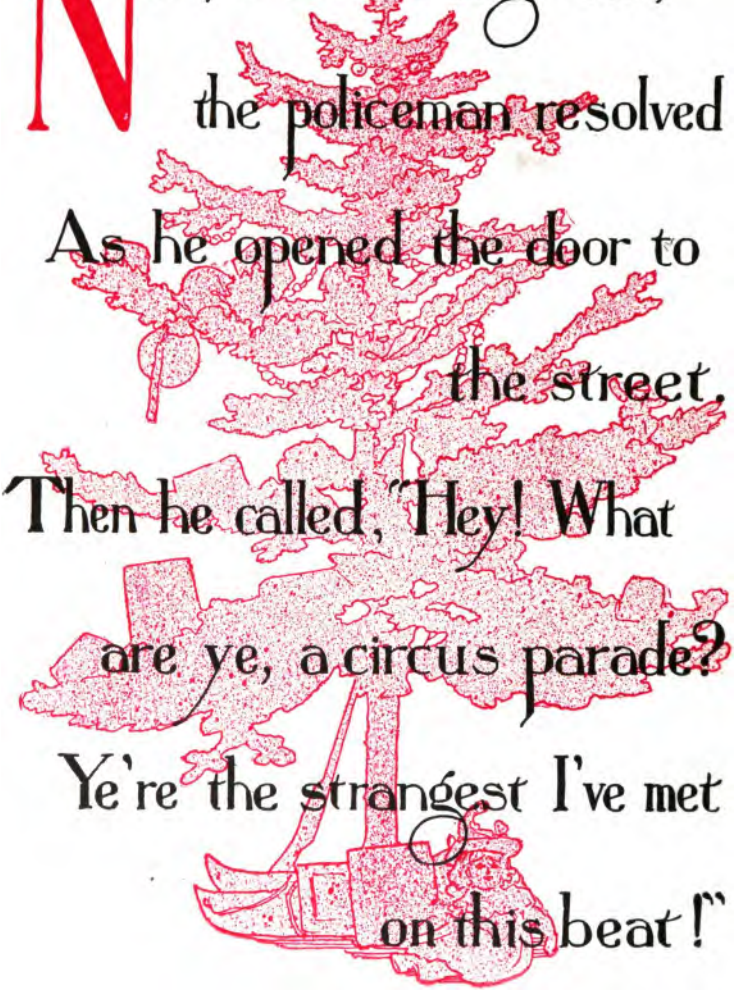
and green,

Made of holly, the leaves must have tickled their ribs—
With the red berries showing between.

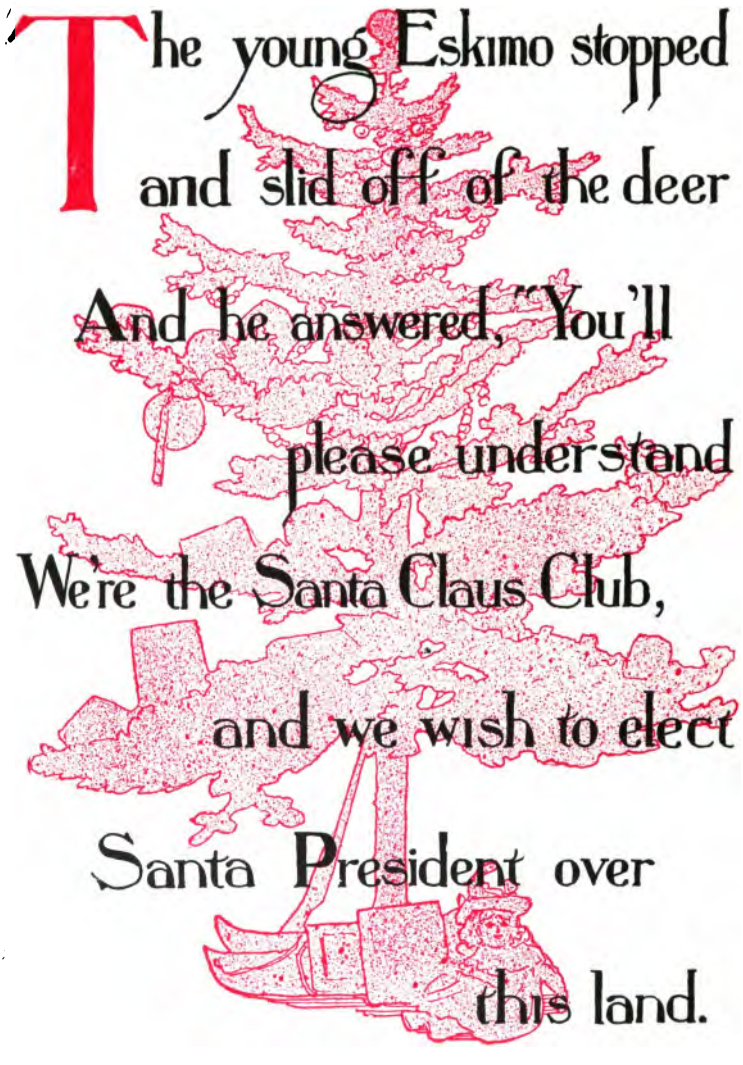
Next, a reindeer whose horns bore
bright candles strode on
With an Eskimo boy on his
back.
"That's the first human creature
I've seen in the show,"
The policeman observed
at the crack.

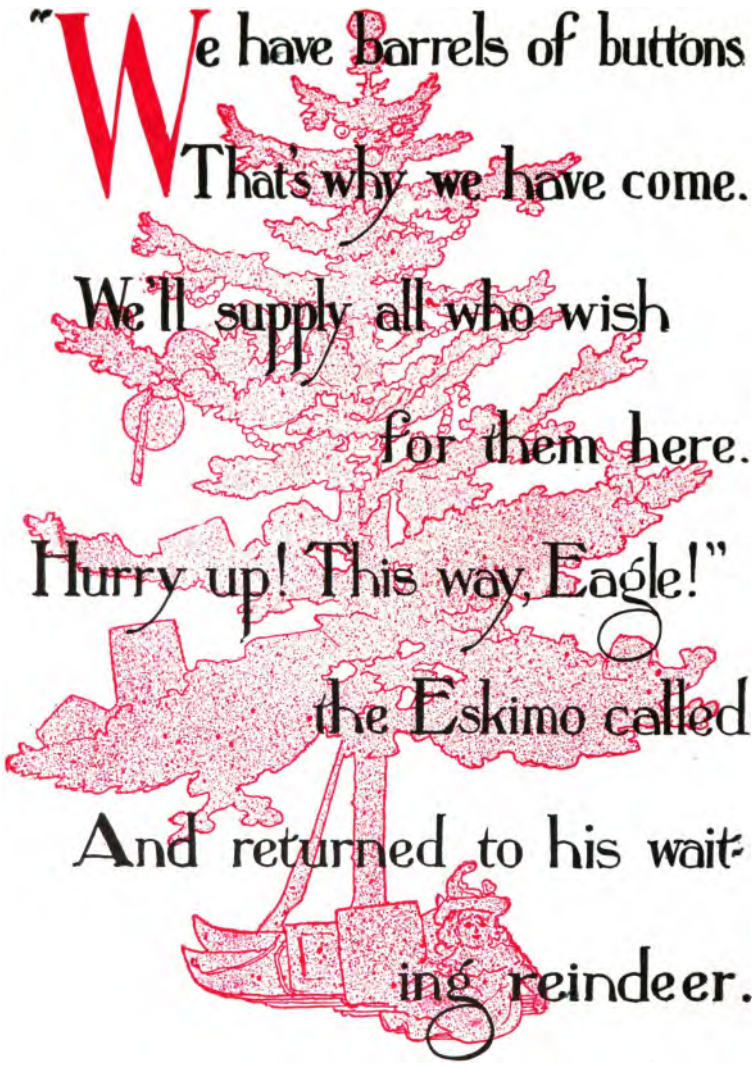


"Now, I think I'll go out,"
the policeman resolved
As he opened the door to
the street,
Then he called, "Hey! What
are ye, a circus parade?
Ye're the strangest I've met
on this beat!"



The young Eskimo stopped
and slid off of the deer
And he answered, "You'll
please understand
We're the Santa Claus Club,
and we wish to elect
Santa President over
this land.





"We have barrels of buttons
That's why we have come.
We'll supply all who wish
for them here.
Hurry up! This way, Eagle!"
the Eskimo called
And returned to his wait-
ing reindeer.

BUTTO
Sc

Then came Uncle Sam's Ea-

gle important and grave,

In an elegant auto-

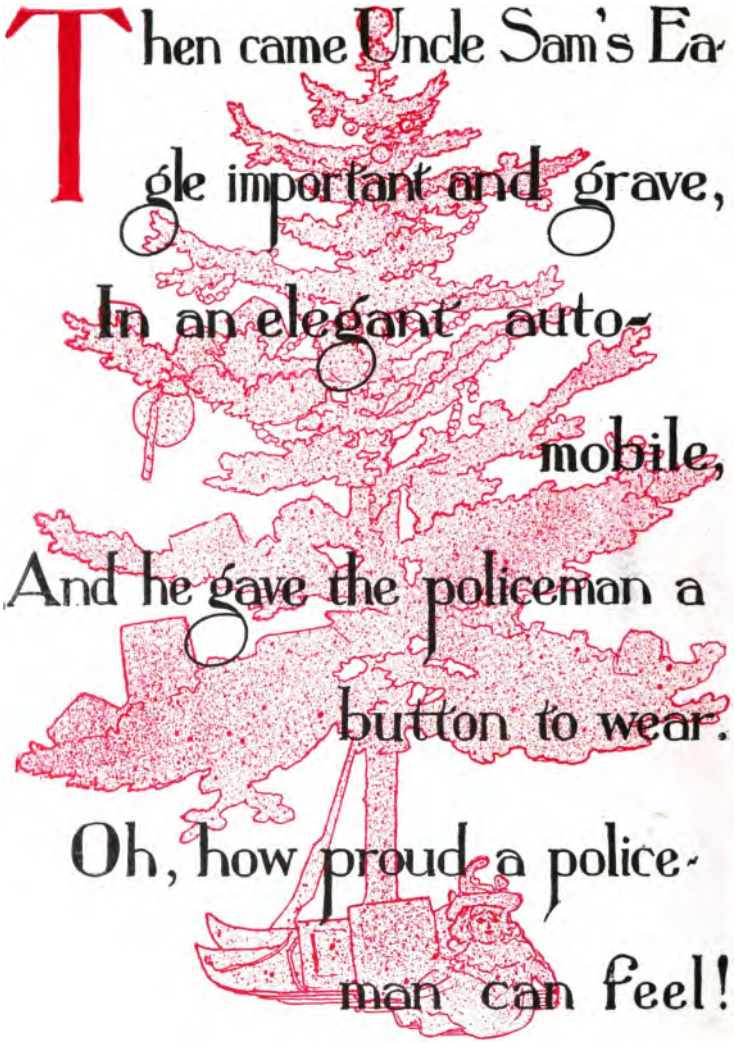
mobile,

And he gave the policeman a

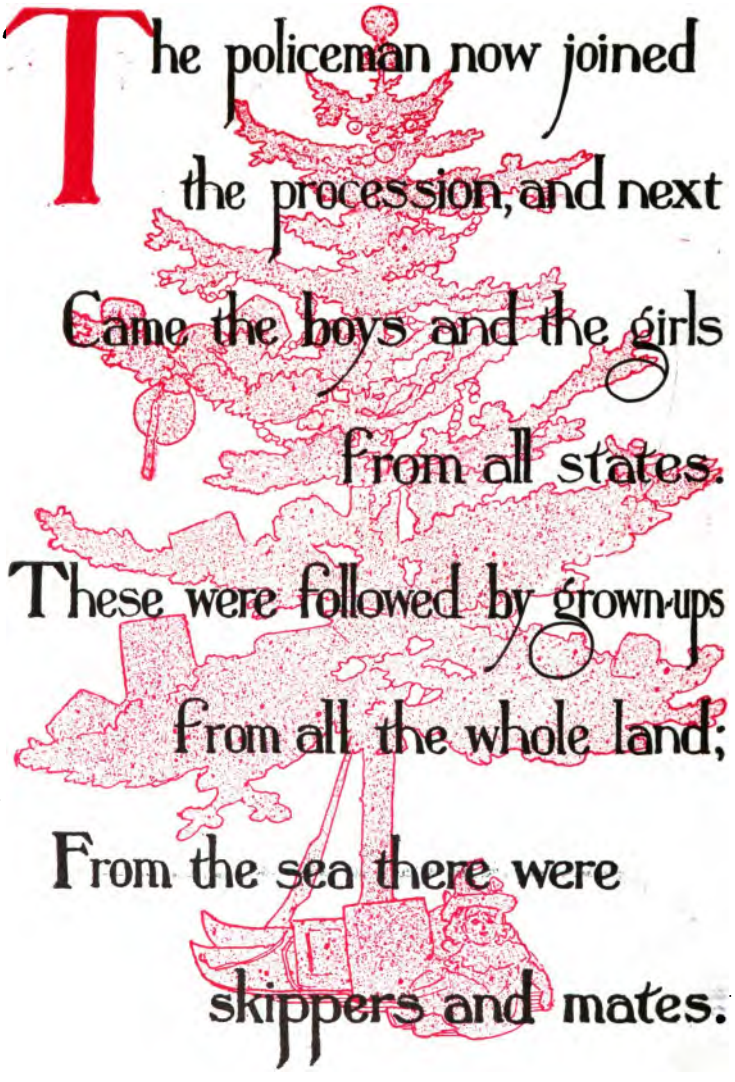
button to wear.

Oh, how proud a police-

man can feel!

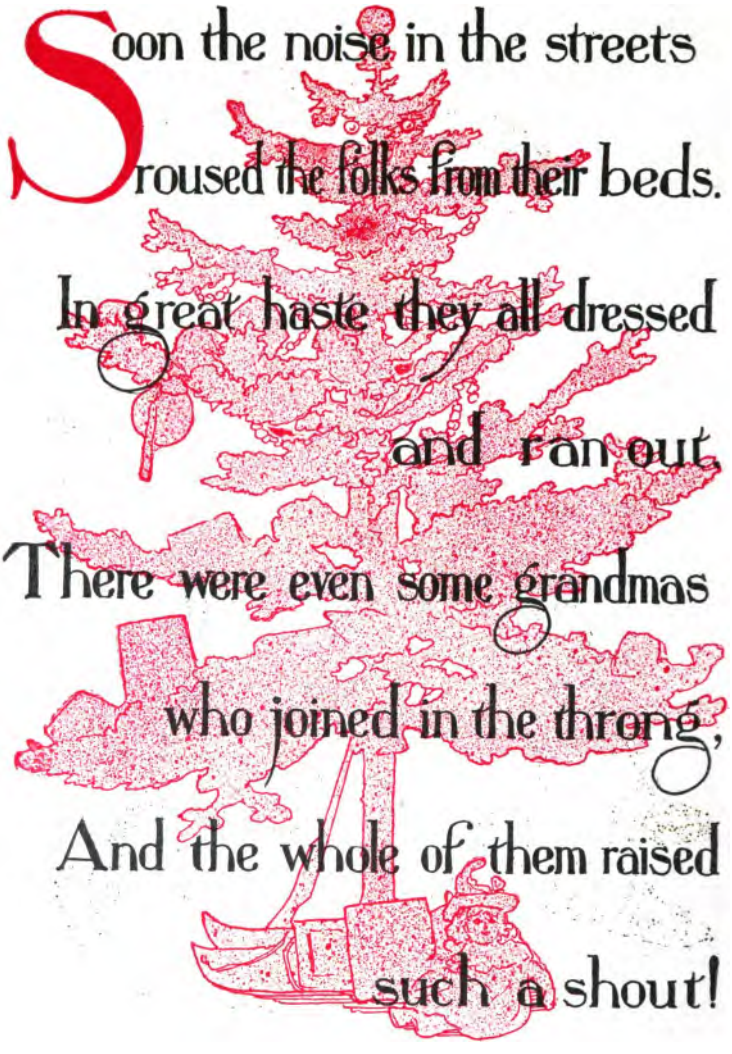


BUTTONS
S.C.C
BUTTONS
S.C.C

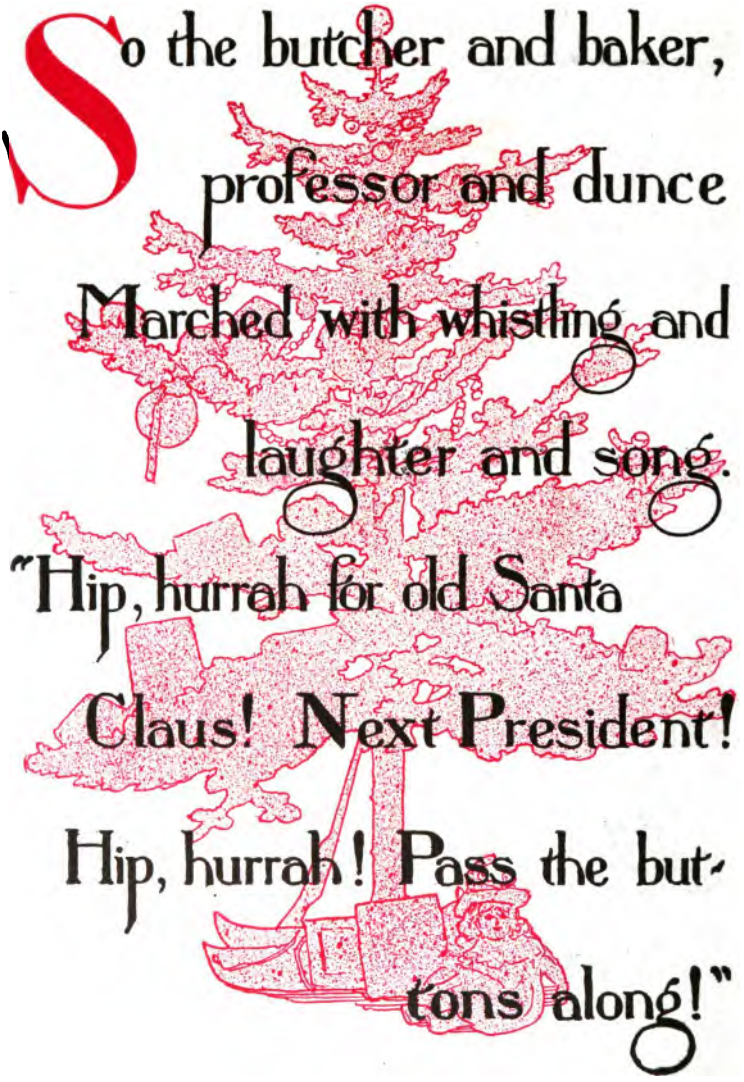


The policeman now joined
the procession, and next
Came the boys and the girls
from all states.
These were followed by grown-ups
From all the whole land;
From the sea there were
skippers and mates.

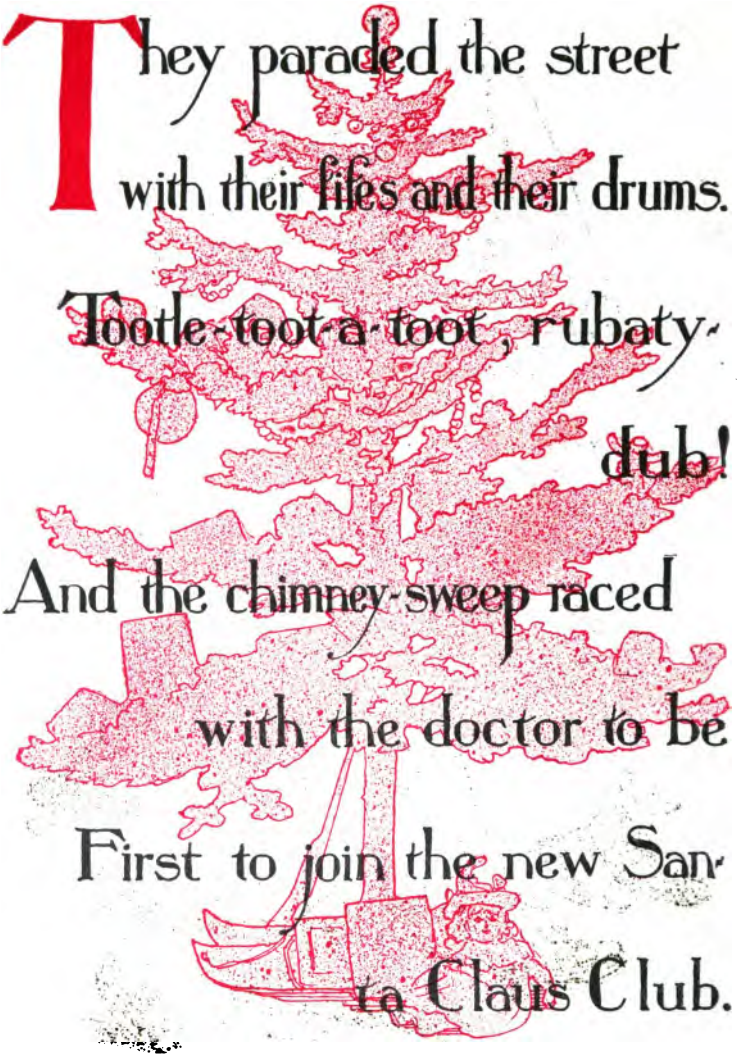
Soon the noise in the streets
roused the folks from their beds.
In great haste they all dressed
and ran out.
There were even some grandmas
who joined in the throng,
And the whole of them raised
such a shout!



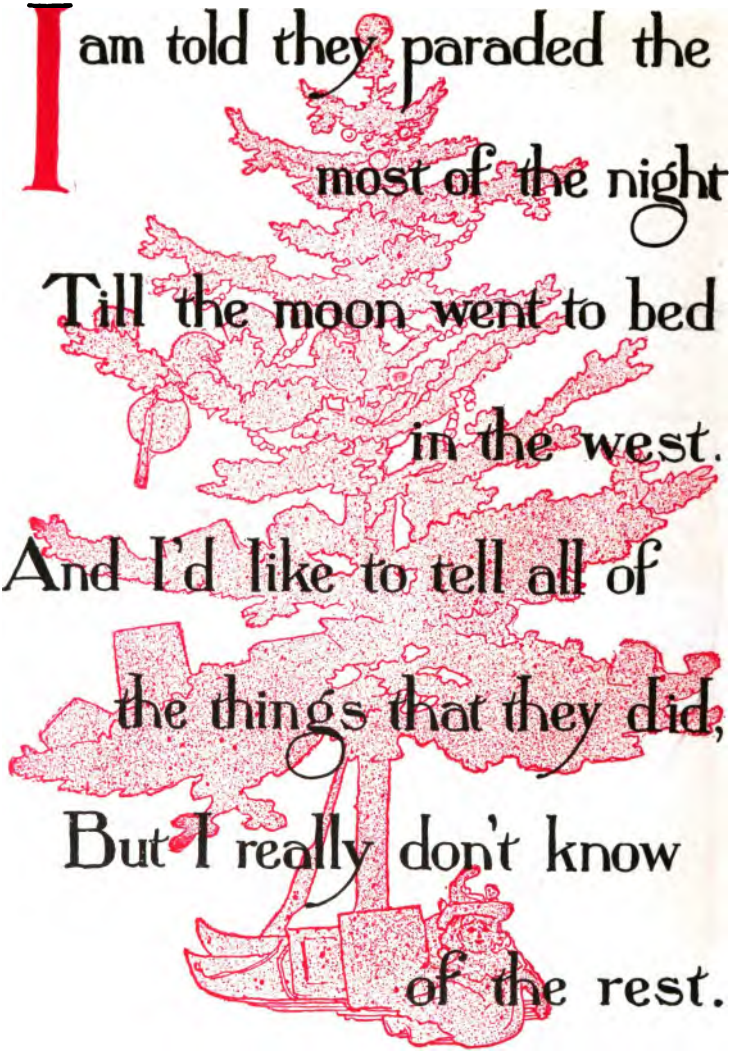
So the butcher and baker,
professor and dunce
Marched with whistling and
laughter and song.
"Hip, hurrah for old Santa
Claus! Next President!
Hip, hurrah! Pass the but-
tons along!"



They paraded the street
with their fifes and their drums.
Tootle-toot-a-toot, rubaty-
dub!
And the chimney-sweep raced
with the doctor to be
First to join the new San-
ta Claus Club.



I am told they paraded the
most of the night
Till the moon went to bed
in the west.
And I'd like to tell all of
the things that they did,
But I really don't know
of the rest.

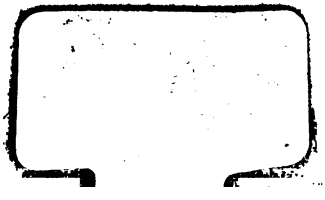


527948

For, I'm sorry to say that
my eyes had to close.
I'm a sleepy-head. Yes, but
I dream,
And I'm puzzled to tell,—don't
you know how it is?—
What is real and what
only may seem.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

form 4w

OCT 16 2018